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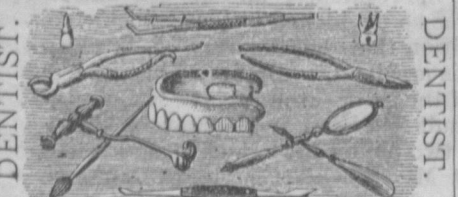
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"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."—CICERO.

VOLUME VI.

MEXICO, N. Y., THURSDAY, AUGUST 30, 1877.

NUMBER 35.

SPEAK GENTLY.

Speak gently! It is better far
To rule by love than fear;
Speak gently! Let no harsh words mar
The good we might do here.

Speak gently! Love doth whisper low
The vows that true hearts bind;
And gently friendship's accents flow—
Affection's voice is kind.

Speak gently to the little child;
It's love he sure to gain;
Teach it in accents soft and mild,
It may not long remain.

Speak gently to the young, for they
Will have enough to bear;
Pass through the world as best they may,
'Tis full of anxious care.

Speak gently to the aged one;
Grieve not the care-worn heart;
The sands of life are nearly run;
Let such in peace depart.

Speak gently, kindly to the poor;
Let no harsh tone be heard;
They have enough they must endure,
Without an unkind word.

Speak gently to the erring; know
They may have sinned in vain;
Perchance unkindness made them so;
Oh! win them back again.

Speak gently! He who gave his life
To bend man's stubborn will,
When elements were fierce in strife,
Said to them, "Peace, be still!"

Speak gently! 'Tis a little thing
Dropped in the heart's deep well;
The good, the joy that it may bring,
Eternity shall tell.

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

[From an Old Magazine.]

Mrs. Bracegirdle lingered a moment,
with her left hand upon the door-
knob and with the thumb and fore-
finger of the other twisting and un-
twisting her apron string in a little,
hesitating way she had when she wish-
ed to say something. She had just
come in at my summons, to receive
the quarterly rent for my room. I am
a young "medecin" as the French very
appropriately and significantly term
physicians, and being then single man,
I hired a front parlor of good Mrs.
Bracegirdle, the remainder of whose
very genteel house was occupied by
her "bread-and-meat boarders," as she
termed her boarders who took their
usual meals at her table, by way of dis-
tinguishing them from mere room
occupants like myself.

I had taken this parlor for my office,
because it was pleasantly situated and
just suited me and my profession—
being on Bleeker street, and on the
precise portion thereof east of Broad-
way, where physicians seem most to
congregate. In New York certain
streets seem to be relinquished to cer-
tain professions, as tragic Bond street
to dental gentlemen and Bleeker (east)
to medical men. Whether so many
doctors have got together there be-
cause "misery loves company" or be-
cause in the multitude of counsellors
there is safety, I know not. The
fact only is clear. In old times a young
physician would have set up his "shin-
gle" in vicinage far from any other;
but an opposite policy seems now pur-
sued, perhaps on the principle that one
in a flock of birds is more likely to be
hit than one flying alone.

But leaving this matter for the dis-
cussion of others, I merely state that I
had been Mrs. Bracegirdle's lodger
and tenant for a year and three months,
and never "had a word" with her save
in the kindest manner and tone. As
I never was in arrears, and always cheer-
fully prescribed for her rheumatics
without charge, I was a favorite.

"Well, Mrs. Bracegirdle, have you
anything to say?"

Her eyes surveyed deliberately and
admiringly my handsomely furnished
room, with its handsome curtains,
elegant bookcases, rich sofa and chairs
and showy carpet, before she replied,
and then, with a pleasant smile and
knowing nod, she said:

"I do wonder, doctor, you don't get
married. Such a nice room, and you
could have the one above it for a sleep-
ing-room, and I could, you know, if
you liked, let you have your meals pri-
vate like, letting your office-boy, Tim,
the lazy rogue, with nothing to do
but play marbles and chalk my side-
walk, to set and wait on and clear off
the table! I do wonder you are con-
tent to live alone. And such a pleas-
ant spoken gentleman, and so quiet
and respectable, for a young doctor, in
your habits—all calculated to make a
wife happy! It's a pity such nice furni-

ture and such a nice room should be
thrown away so.

Mrs. Bracegirdle was handsome, not
over forty-one, a widow and (so said
rumor) had laid up not less than \$900
in the savings bank, with the "good-
will" of a popular boarding house.
These facts forced themselves upon my
mind, and I looked now at my hostess
to see if she was laying a snare for me.
It is true she had on a shade smarter
cap than usual, and looked unusually
attractive; but when I reflected that
she had regarded me always more with
a motherly feeling than a "young wid-
owish" one, I dismissed the unworthy
suspicion from my thoughts and said,
smilingly:

"And where shall I get a wife, dear
madam?"

"Bless me! a handsome young man,
with such white teeth," (Mrs. Brace-
girdle had splendid teeth), "a horse
and buggy, a good practice and some
money of his own, to ask where he
shall find a wife! There's fifty ladies
would jump to get such a chance!"

"You flatter me, my dear friend," I
answered, secretly rejoicing in the flat-
tery, as all we vain bipeds do, albeit we
profess not to be taken with it. "A
wife is a dangerous risk! One must
change one's habits if one marries! I
should lose my independence! I can
now do as I please—smoke, lounge,
wear my slippers, go in and out as I
wish, sit on three chairs, and a table
too, if I take a notion to spread my-
self, and if I lay anything down I know
where to find it! Why, if it makes me
nervous to see your Betsy, the cham-
bermaid, come into my room with that
duster of an old, torn silk handker-
chief, lest she should do mischief, what
would become of me with a wife who
would put 'everything in order,' not
understanding that there exists a cer-
tain systematic arrangement percep-
tible to my own eye in all this chaos?"

If my pipe lies on an open book it is
to mark a reference; if my shoe is on
my bed, there is probably under it,
for safe keeping, a specimen of a new-
ly-discovered beetle-bug; if a half brick
is on my writing-desk, I put it there
to keep the papers from being blown
away. But you know my habits, Mrs.
Bracegirdle!"

"Yes, doctor, and that is the reason
you ought to be married, for your
words show you are selfish, and there
is no cure for it but a wife," she said
with emphasis.

"Yes, I have no doubt a wife would
quite put me out of conceit of myself," I
answered with a half-sneer. "But to tell
the truth, Mrs. Bracegirdle, I have a
great desire to be married, but I am the
most difficult person to suit. My wife
must be perfection. I can't bear ugly-
ness, and a bad feature in a woman I
can never forgive."

"As if, poor woman, it were her fault,"
answered Mrs. Bracegirdle.

"That is not the point. A woman
to fix my attention must be without
fault," I said firmly. "She must be
as beautiful as she doubtless was in
the beginning, as intelligent as—as—
let me see! as Lady Jane Grey, as mu-
sical as Jenny Lind, as beautiful as
Cleopatra, as benevolent as Florence
Nightingale—as—as—"

"Rich as Kreesus!" ventured Mrs.
Bracegirdle.

"No," I said, laughing, "I don't care
a fig for money. I want beauty and
goodness, loveliness of face and sym-
metry of form; but"—and here I spoke
with positiveness and decision—"but,
above all, she must have a little foot."

Mrs. Bracegirdle slyly withdrew her
plump foot (No. 5s) out of sight with-
in the mysterious periphery of her
black silk.

"A pretty foot!"

"Two of them, Mrs. Bracegirdle. A
pair of pretty feet! I could not love
Venus herself if she had a big foot! It
is impossible but that a perfectly
beautiful woman will have small and
pretty feet. I am willing to choose a
wife by her foot, for I accept, in this
case, the aphorism that 'all's well that
ends well.'"

Mrs. Bracegirdle, after taking half a
minute to think upon it, was vastly
pleased with this quotation used in
such a relation, and laughed heartily.

"Well, well, doctor, you are a droll
gentleman, to be sure! You have such
a pleasant temper, you'd make any

woman happy. But there's the bell!

"Good morning, Mrs. Bracegirdle," I
said; and as she closed the door I ad-
ded, *sub voce*, "If I thought I could
make any woman happy I would try
and find some one among the sex to
make me happy. But this marrying—
it is a lottery. A man might as safely
draw from a wheel into which all the
pretty and virtuous women's names in
New York, written on slips of paper
had been poured, as draw from them
met by chance at a party, at church or in
the street. If it is my destiny to be mar-
ried, the right pair of pretty feet will
by and by catch my eye tripping along
and challenge me."

"Thus soliloquizing, I took my seat
by my window in a huge feathered arm-
chair, and drawing a match across the
sole of my boot I lighted a cigar and
gave myself up to reflection and in-
spection of the passers-by.

"Mrs. Bracegirdle is right," I ejac-
ulated at the end of ten minutes; "she
is undoubtedly quite right. I ought to
take a wife. But whose wife shall I take?
as young Sheridan asked his father."

As the clouds of azure-smoke curled
above my head I conjured up, peeping
out of each curl, the faces of some doz-
en fair girls I had known or still knew.
As their features blended with the
wreaths and passed in retrospection
before my eyes, I deliberately rejected
each, passing judgment upon them as
they ascended and melted into thin air
beneath the ceiling of my room. One
had a nose too blunt; another a *re-
trousse* so far as to turn up; a third
was too tall; a fourth had too large a
foot; a fifth had bad teeth; a sixth
laughed too much; a seventh talked
too loud; an eighth had big knuckles;
a ninth had a mustache; a tenth—a
sweet girl—couldn't bear the smell of
assafoetida, and of course was out of
the question for a doctor's wife; an
eleventh had a bad breath; and the
twelfth wore spectacles—my abomina-
tion in a young girl.

These feminine faces all ascended
above my head, and disappeared slowly
into thin air—evaporated with the
smoke which had reproduced them.
Yet somehow a sweet face seemed to
linger in the blue cloud that curled
from my cigar. Her blue eyes, her
pleasant smile, her graceful head and
shoulders, her exquisite hands and in-
comparable feet—all were once more
visible to me as I had before seen
them, and almost fallen in love with
their possessor. But alas! she was my
cousin, and I had been informed by
Fanny's Puritan mother that it was a
mortal sin to marry cousins, for the
Bible said so. So I let this sweet face
also melt away toward the ceiling (an
ascending angel), and sighed, half re-
solving to turn Roman Catholic that I
might get a "dispensation" from the
Pope "to marry cousins." But her
mother and the Bible, how could I go
against both? So I saw the features
of my fair and merry cousin fade away
with sorrow.

"Not one of these will do," I said,
shaking my head and also shaking the
ashes off my cigar. I then carelessly
glanced out of my window preparatory
to reviewing another dozen of marry-
ing acquaintances. At that instant a
lovely girl was going by on the oppo-
site side of the street. I recognized
her at once as a mysterious and grace-
ful girl who had so often passed my
window. I had never seen her face,
as it was concealed. How, then, did I
know she was lovely? you ask. Because
her feet were the most captiv-
ating little members my critical eyes
ever rested upon. Such feet could
only belong to a lovely body—a lovely
body, to match in symmetry the fault-
less feet, must be crowned by a superb
and lovely head and face. From such
cogent argumentations there can clearly
be no appeal. I had often pointed
her out to some of my friends, more
than once said I would be willing to
marry her without looking at her face.

The fair promenader now made use
of her little feet with exquisite dainti-
ness. Their sweet movements redim-
ed fully old Sir John Suckling's ad-
mirable lines:

Her feet beneath her petticoat,
Like little mice peeped in and out.

The first day, two months before
that I saw them, I was at once taken

captive. "At length," said I to Harry
Hamilton my friend, "behold the beau-
tiful of my imagination. The perfect
foot which I have in vain looked for
in the Medician Venus in Power's
"Greek Slave," in every work of art il-
lustrating feminine beauty, is now
found!"

It was gaitered in a close-fitting
golden bronze boot with neat heels
little walnuts, and as she walked I
heard their nut-like "tap-tap" upon
the pave. As she now came opposite
my window she slightly (the least per-
ceptible motion in the world) elevated
her skirts to escape possible contact
with a patch of coal dust which Dr.
Bung, my *vis-a-vis* friend and rival,
had carelessly permitted to remain af-
ter getting down his coal! Such an-
kles of grace and beauty were never be-
held! They were fit mates to the
twinkling feet. As I gazed enchan-
ted the fair promenader, whose form
was slight, symmetrical and graceful
as became such lovely feet, turned a
corner and vanished!

I am not usually an impulsive man.
My uncle, who was a physician, had
told me that impulse and excitability
were fatal to the success of a doctor
of medicine; that I ought to cultivate
calmness, imperturbability and cool
self-possession.

"Gravity and dignity, slowness of
gait and deliberation in opinion, are
the highest qualifications in a medical
man," he used often to say.

I therefore at my present age, eight-
and-twenty, was quite a Galen for grav-
ity and decorum of visage and manner.
But I must confess that upon losing
sight of the fair possessor of the beau-
tiful feet I sprang from my arm-chair,
tossed my cigar into the grate, seized
my stick (a gold-headed, doctor-like
cane, with my name, "Dr. J. V. S. Dod-
well, Jr.," in full thereon) and rushed
into the hall and made for the street
door, resolved I would this time fol-
low her to the world's end but that I
would discover who she was! Mrs.
Bracegirdle was standing in it, claff-
ing with a woman for fruit of some
sort. As I crowded past her she look-
ed at me with amazement, and cried
out in alarm:

"Who is hurt? What is it, doctor?
Is anybody run over?"

"No, I am after my wife!" I answered,
and leaving her mystified, I pur-
sued at a rapid step the course taken
by the twinkling golden bronzes. Up-
on turning the corner I met her full in
the face, returning, as if she had taken
the wrong street. I was so taken aback
—to use a sea term—that I stopped
perfectly still, conformed at the re-
mote, and she glided past me with-
out even glancing at me, slightly de-
viating to pass by me as she would
done by a barrel that stood in her
path. Her face was concealed by a
brown veil, worn, as the fashion of
young girls is, double over the face,
though for the life of me how they can
see to walk so blindfolded is a mys-
tery! After she had passed me I recov-
ered my self possession which this re-
prepared for encounter had in a meas-
ure deprived me of, and turned to fol-
low her, resolved that I would never
lose sight of her until I knew where
she abode, which ascertaining, I deter-
mined to take steps to become ac-
quainted with her.

Instead of continuing along Bleek-
er street, she crossed, and seemed to be
looking for some number. She slowly
read the signs on the doctor's win-
dow-shutters (if read she could through
her thick bare mask) and, passing on,
I saw her linger an instant to
glance at the name on my window-
blind and then lightly trip up the
steps and ring the bell—not Mrs. Brace-
girdle's, but mine!

I do not know whether surprise or
delight the most predominated in my
emotions at this. My boy Tim—a red-
headed little mulatto—opened the
door, and was about to say I was out,
when, catching a glimpse of me, he
said loud enough for me to hear:

"He's coming, ma'am—walk in!"

The golden gaiters disappeared
lightly in the hall, and I followed with
a palpitating heart.

It is not often I receive patients in
my room, and never ladies; and the
condition of my apartment with all its

confusion, cigar boxes, old hats, em-
pty vials, and chaos generally, rushed
upon my thoughts, and I hesitated
whether I should go boldly in and
"take the responsibility of all," or
quietly withdraw and keep out of my
visitor's way. But curiosity to know
why I was thus honored overcame
this hesitancy, and I entered the hall.
Mrs. Bracegirdle was just ending a
peep through the ajar door into my
office at the lady. I saw her look a
little rosy as she said, in a sort of apolo-
getic way:

"I thought you'd gone out, doctor!
There is a young lady in your room!"

"I saw her come in, and returned,"
I said, with dignity, as if it were noth-
ing to me were the lady old or young.
Upon entering my office the visitor
arose, for Tim had invited her to take
a chair, and said, in a charmingly mod-
ulated voice, interrogatively,

"Doctor Dodwell?"

"Yes, Miss. Please keep your seat,"
I said, with my Sunday bow, and my
softest, fee-receiving smile, which, I
believe, is ever my blandest.

I glanced to catch another look at
the Cinderella boots, but "the mice"
were now nestled out of sight; so I
tried to catch a glimpse of her face,
but the double veil still concealed it
like an iron mask.

For the benefit of my female readers
I will describe her dress, premising
that it was the month of September—
near its close. In height she was about
that of the Venus of Canova, which is
five feet two inches—beauty's standard.
Her form was slightly but elegantly
moulded, in just and poetical propor-
tions with her "beautifully less" sta-
ture. Nothing in symmetrical grace
could surpass the beauty of her neck,
the lovely fall of her shoulders, the
moulded roundness of her arms, which
betrayed by her sleeve, exposed itself
at the wrist, adorned by a simple band
of gold for bracelet. Her hands were
just like those elegant tapering-fingered
affairs which we have presented to
to us every month in the pictures of
the ladies who illustrate "The Fash-
ions." They were nicely fitted by a
pair of claret-colored gloves with gaud-
letted wrist-guards. She wore an open-
work straw, which was trimmed with
flowers of some sort, and straw, and
lemon ribbons and lace (I was never a
hand to describe the bewildering graces
of a lady's costume), all mingled to-
gether in bewitching confusion, pro-
ducing a *tout ensemble* that would
without doubt have set off the beauty
of her face in the most charming man-
ner, provided her face could have been
seen; but that veil, falling from the
front, destroyed all possible effect.
Her dress was a greenish brown and
claret plaid silk very rich, and all
flounced and hooped and superb in its
breadth; and over her shoulders she
wore a handsome coral-colored merino
shawl, with a border of needle-work in
the most expensive style. In one hand
she held a claret-colored wrought bag,
with a cambric handkerchief, elegantly
embroidered, peeping out, half reveal-
ing a name neatly entwined, of
which I detected the letters "Annie
W—." In her other hand she held
a claret-colored parasol, closed. Alto-
gether she was very fashionably and
elegantly attired, and with the most
exquisite taste.

"Yes, miss, I am Doctor Dodwell.
Can I be of any service to you?" I
asked, trying to recall my uncle's in-
struction about dignity, coolness and
perfect self-possession. Without doubt
I was a little flustered. There seemed
a sort of destiny in her entering my
office, and I could not dismiss from
my mind the idea that more would
come of it than now appeared on the
surface.

"I am very desirous of seeing you,
sir, on some private matters," she said,
in a voice like a flute, soft, tremulous
and rich. "Are we alone?"

I wondered whether it could possi-
bly be a professional visit. She seemed
the incarnation of health and beauty,
for that voice was in perfect tune—
and the medical man knows that any
quickness or depression of the pulse
by incipient illness is at once apparent
in the voice. "But perhaps she comes
for others," I said to myself, and
then aloud. "We are quite alone."

I felt my heart flutter as I said this,
and I walked to the door to see if Mrs.
Bracegirdle by chance might be at
hand. My suspicions were verified.
I found her very tidily gathering up
shreds and smoothing her door-mat,
that is all. I would not on oath say
she was listening. Mrs. Bracegirdle
was, I am sure, above this weakness of
her sex. Nevertheless I resolved to
close my door, which I had modestly
left ajar as I entered. Mrs. Bracegirdle
caught my eye and looked a little
queer out of hers.

"*Honi soit qui maly pense*," I said
to her, with gravity becoming my great
uncle himself; and not waiting to
translate for her, as I usually did, my
Latin labels, I entered my room, and
shutting my door, advanced to my vi-
sitor. She was reseated, and both of
her exquisite little bronzed boots were
just visible, sweetly nestled one upon
the other.

"You will, no doubt, think me very
bold, sir, but I have called to ask you
to prescribe for me!"

"Indeed, miss! Then it is a profes-
sional visit?"

"Unquestionably," with dignity and
ease.

This coolness quite put all my philo-
sophy out of my brain.

"Pray may I ask what is your dis-
ease?"

"Of the heart, sir."

I almost bounded two steps back
ward I was so taken by surprise.

"Of the heart?"

"Yes, sir. I am in love. I am told
that love proceeds from causes over
which medical men have control."

"I felt very foolish, and was for a mo-
ment dumbfounded. Was this young
beauty quizzing me? Impossible! I
was too grave and dignified and self-
possessed a person for that."

"Pray explain, madam. How can I
help you?"

"You had best feel my pulse, sir.
It is not for me to describe my disease.
I came to consult your skill, and put
myself under your hands for a perfect
cure."

"Bless my soul! Indeed, miss?"

"Yes, sir." And as she spoke she
removed her glove displaying a charm-
ing hand and wrist, and extended the
pretty member towards me. As I
delicately clasped it with thumb and
finger I felt all sorts of motions. I
never experienced such sensations in
touching a patient's hand before. In
order not to let her arm fall to the
ground, I was under the necessity of
supporting the warm, soft little hand
in my own. It felt like a young, warm
robin-redbreast, and it palpitated for
all the world just like a little timid
turtle-dove. To this day I have not
the least idea how many times her
pulse beat a minute. I had lost my
presence of mind so completely that I
forgot to take out my watch to time it.
I think, though, I must have held that
little hand full five minutes, pretending
to feel the pulse, all the while revel-
ing in the delightful possession. I
only wished it had been her little foot!
But doctors don't usually feel for pulses
in a lady's foot, however beautiful and
small.

Slowly she withdrew her hand, see-
ing I retained it longer than was nec-
essary, but not as if displeased.

"I know of no cure," I said, smiling,
"but to prescribe the young gentle-
man."

I heard a merry laugh behind the
veil, and it set me quite at my ease.

"Then, sir, I must take you!"

"Take me?" I exclaimed.

"Yes, doctor. I am in love with you,
and have been for a long time."

"Impossible, madam!"

"It is true."

"Why, I do not know you!"

DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

HENRY C. RIDER, Editor and Proprietor,
Mexico, Oswego Co., N. Y.
REV. LEWIS SELINEY, Associate Editor,
Rome, Oneida Co., N. Y.
REV. AUGUST W. MANN, Editor,
677 Euclid St., Cleveland O.
REV. HENRY WINTER STILE, Foreign Editor,
U. S. Mint, Philadelphia, Pa.

THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL is issued every Thursday; it is the best paper for deaf-mutes published; it contains the latest news and correspondence; the best writers contribute to it.

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Rates of advertising made known upon application.

MEXICO, N. Y., THURSDAY, AUG. 30, 1877.

Specimen copy sent to any address on receipt of five cents.

"THERE ARE MORE MEN ENNOBLED BY READING THAN BY NATURE."

The man, of undisputed wisdom, who uttered the words above quoted, knew whereof he was speaking and was prepared to verify the statement. We accept it as truth without questioning its veracity. Another has also said that, "education has made a wider difference between man and man than nature has between man and brute," which assertion is also an unquestioned fact, and it is fully admitted to be such even by the uneducated. How does reading bring with it nobility? To reap the ennobling attributes of nobility arising from reading, there are some circumstances to be considered. The "voluptuous reader of the so-called, 'light covered literature'" of the present period, can scarcely be said to possess any very exalted traits of nobility. The habitual devourers of the sickly, sentimental trash, which floods the country cannot thereby add to his or her possession, the personal characteristics of distinguished nobility. It follows then, as a natural consequence, that to receive the ennobling benefits arising from reading, there is a clear distinction to be made in the material with which we stock our mental caliber.

Choice works, from high-moral toned literary talents, carefully and thoughtfully perused and their contents layed away in memory's store-house, cannot fail to ennoble and elevate the minds of the possessor. The reading of the Bible, and the writings of Christian authors, without doubt, brings corresponding results in the ennoblement of character. The reading of history is another means of doing much to improve the mind. And when we speak of history we include in the term, the current newspapers of the day which are in themselves a history with few equals. The press of this age gives us current history, far superior to that of human writers of ancient or modern times. The nobility derived from judicious reading is far richer than that obtained by conferring titles aristocracy. Whoever makes a regular practice of reading good books, periodicals and newspapers, is constantly increasing in knowledge, and with knowledge comes a more ennobling manhood and womanhood. Contented ignorance supplies no ennobling acquisitions while daily reading, of the proper kind adds grace, respectability, refinement, and nobility.

OUR SUMMER PLEASURES—GOOD RESULTS.

Can any one doubt that this is a pleasure-seeking Community? For the past two months, there has been an almost uninterrupted tide of travel to "Mexico Point." Nick's Landings, Thousand Island Park and many other places in quest of recreation and pleasure. Picnics have been held, excursions endured; there has been camping on the shores of old Ontario and rusticating in the "North Woods." Churches, Sunday schools, district schools, societies, neighborhoods, families and individuals have respectively had their picnics, been off on their excursions, enjoyed the romance of camping, made trips to near and distant parts, and the most have returned, some exhausted and others invigorated and, we trust, nearly all more or less benefited. From their holiday pleasures, all will again proceed to their various pursuits and assiduously apply themselves to their tasks; the pastor to the vigorous prosecution of his christian duties; the doctor to the

abode of the sick to examine the pulse and "bleed" the patient; the lawyer to plead justice and consult the interests of his client, and himself; the merchant to sell his goods, and perhaps his customers; the laborer to earn bread for himself and family, and get it if he can; the teacher to the school-room; the pupil to his books; and the renewed vigor and zeal, with which business will be conducted, will, we doubt not, convince the most skeptical that our summer pleasures neither come to often nor last too long.

In our latitude the winters are long and vigorous and the warm weather term quite limited. Whoever, then, desires to enjoy much of outdoor pleasure in this locality must crowd a great deal of it into a few weeks.

But those, who have for many years, survived the heat and dust of our short summers, and combated the storms of our long cold winters, understand this too well to question its truth. It is quite reasonable to presume, that in localities where the warm weather seasons are of short duration, Summer pleasures are more highly appreciated than in more sunny sections, where people are not compelled to remain in doors throughout a large portion of the year. With all the discomforts of our climate, we probably enjoy as much of earthly happiness as the general average of mankind.

THE BRIGHT SIDE.

Look on the bright side. It is the right side. The times may be hard, but it will make them no easier to wear a sad and gloomy countenance. It is the sunshine, and not the cloud, that gives beauty to the flower. There is always before or around us that which should cheer and fill the heart with warmth and gladness. The sky is blue ten times where it is black once. You have troubles, it may be. So have others. None are free from them—and perhaps it is well that none should be. They give sinew and tone to life, fortitude and courage to man. That would be a dull sea, and the sailor would never acquire skill, where there is nothing to disturb the surface. It is the duty of every one to extract all the happiness and enjoyment they can from within and without him; and above all, he should look on the bright side. What though things do look a little dark? The lane will have a turning, and the night will end in broad day. In the long run the great balance rights itself. What appears ill becomes well—that which appears wrong right.

JOSEPH BILLINGS' WISDOM.

Cunning never won a lasting victory yet.

Most people had rather believe what is not so than confess their ignorance.

There may be some perfectly happy people in this world, but they cannot prove it.

I like to see all things true to nature, a hornet that can't sting is a melancholy failure.

Ebenezer my boy, don't forget this, a good listener will please more people than a good talker will.

A certain amount of pride is very proper, a peacock without any pride at all would be a dead loss.

If we would increase in wisdom, we have got to forget a large share of what we think we know.

There is one thing that even old age can't cheat us out of, and that is memory of a good action.

It is actually easier to earn two dollars and a half than to take care of one after you have earned it.

He who can control his anger gains two victories, one over himself and the other over his opponent.

When anybody wants to sell then is the time to buy, and when anybody wants to buy, then is the time to sell.

The best time to get advice of your neighbor is after you have made up your mind just what you are going to do.

How many people there are in this world who have just brains enough to doubt, and to differ, but not enough to decide.

The great blessing of adversity is, it gives our enemies a chance to pitch into us and our friends a chance to defend us.

If I ever offer to swap places with any man in the world, it will be with the man who can eat anything and not have the nightmare.

One of the most difficult things for an author to understand is, that a well written paragraph will outshine and out-last a poorly written book.

An illustrious pedigree is a risky possession. The world won't compare you with yourself, but are all the time comparing you with the skeleton of your grandfather.

The man who writes a bad book is worse than the one who poisons a spring; the spring will run itself pure in time, but the book festers and corrupts for all time.

The Itemizer.

The idea is to gather into this column items that relate to deaf-mutes personally, or to associations of deaf-mutes, or to institutions for the benefit of deaf-mutes. We hope our friends and readers will keep us supplied with items for this column; mark items so sent: *The Itemizer*.

The heroine of Wilkie Collins' fascinating novel "Dead Secret" is a lovely deaf-mute.

It is predicted that are many years Maine will educate all her deaf children at home.

Miss Mary True, Principal of the Portland Day School for the deaf, sails for England the present month under a four years engagement as a private governess.

It is quite a remarkable coincidence that Prof. Morse the inventor of the Telegraph and Prof. Bell the inventor of the Telephone should have each have married semi-mute ladies.

Miss Laura D. Bridgeman, is passing the Summer with a married sister at Lebanon N. H. She will return to winter at the Institution for the Blind, South Boston, Mass., in Oct.

The will of the late Miss Charlotte Harris, of Beacon St., Boston, bequeaths the sum of \$20,000 to the Perkins Institution for the benefit of blind and aged blind people.

Miss President Hayes can talk with a deaf-mute on her taper fingers. This was a result of her intercourse with the deaf and dumb at the Ohio Institution, where she was a frequent and welcome visitor.

A New England deaf-mute lady writing to us, closes with the following lines: "We do not advise any deaf-mute young ladies from out west to come east in search of husbands at the Hub City unless they can bring their own weight in gold, for the Boston deaf-mute beaux have the name of being great fortune hunters."

THERE was another picnic at Nantasket Beach, Aug. 22nd, at which were present only the personal friends of President George Holmes, of Boston. It was a private affair, only those whom President Holmes had invited, attended it. Messrs. Homer and his wife, Hargrave, Blanchard, Mrs. Perrigone Miss Flagg, Miss Robinson and the Chapman brothers.

THERE was a robbery at the house of a deaf-mute, just graduated from the Hartford Institution, named Frank Drew, whose father is a well-known detective of Boston. The crime was committed in this way: a well-appearing young man gained an entrance into his house on pretense that his kite had caught upon the roof. In passing through a room, he stole a valuable watch and chain, but being arrested soon afterward he confessed the deed and disclosed the hiding-place of the stolen property; so after Mr. Drew suffered no loss. Mr. Frank Drew is working as a cooper in a barrel factory at Cambridge and all accounts agree in saying that he is a steady young man.

Mrs. Henry A. Osgood, of Boston, is going to have a house built for herself at Roslindale Mass., not far from the residence of his old friend Mr. Jonathan Marsh. There he will spend the rest of his days in quiet retirement from the bustle and cares of the outside world, on an honest competence earned by the sweat of his brow at Chickering's piano manufactory. Messrs. Marsh and Lynde are the only two other deaf-mutes, who have been employed in the same factory and they have worked side by side, ever since their youth. Mr. Marsh was the first to retire from work. These three gentlemen are greatly respected and beloved by the deaf-mutes of New England, for their pure christian character and have been frequently called upon to preach at their religious meetings. The wife of Mr. Osgood is a hearing lady, and their happy married life seems to contradict the popular belief that unhappiness always results from such a union. Messrs. Marsh and Lynde are blessed with faithful deaf-mute wives. Mrs. Lynde takes charge of the bible class at the deaf-mutes' chapel at Boylston Hall. All her three children can hear and speak, while those of Mrs. Marsh are all deaf and dumb, the offspring of parents, who were born deaf and dumb.

WANTED.

A situation as teacher, in any Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, by W. N. Sparrow, a deaf-mute, of Eastham, Mass. Is a graduate of the National College for Deaf-mutes, Washington, D. C. References—Prof. E. M. Gallaudet, Washington, D. C., E. C. Stone, Hartford, Ct.

LAUGHABLES.

When were walking sticks first mentioned in the Bible? When Eve presented Adam with a little Cain.

Any man who can swap horses, or catch fish, and not lie about it, is just about as pious as men ever get in this world.

An orator declaring that fortune knocked at every man's door once, an old Irishman said, "When she knocked at mine I must have been out."

Now that corn is so large that the crows couldn't pull a stalk without the aid of a stump machine, some of our exchanges are explaining the best method of constructing a scare-crow.

"He is a man after my own heart," said Julia, reverting to Charles Augustus. "Nonsense!" replied old practical. "He is a man after the money your uncle left you." And then all was quiet.

"The dead March in Saul!" exclaimed a startled old lady on seeing in her paper the title of an old piece of music. "Well, now, I don't believe the dead can march in Saul any more than they can march over in Jersey!"

A gentleman, who moves in the best society of San Antonio, said the other evening to a young lady, "The foliage is much more exuberant this year than usual." "Yes," she answered thoughtfully, "all them imported fruits is cheaper than they used to be."

At the end of the discourse the professor, addressing with a triumphant air his audience, exclaimed: "It seems to me that a demonstration like that is worth something." "Let's get out," said an economical back-woodsman to his son; "They air a gwine to take up a collection."

"Why is this called Jacob's Ladder?" asked a charming woman, as she and he were going up the steepest part of the Mount Washington Railway. "Because," he replied, with a look that emphasized his words, "there are angels ascending and descending" occasionally. He squeezed her hand.

Local Paragraphs.

The Fair commences one week from next Tuesday.

Mr. T. G. Brown, has commenced repairs on his residence on church street.

Miss Lizzie Cowles, of Osceola, Lewis Co., N. Y., is visiting friends in this village.

Miss Kate A. Mattison, of Oswego, is visiting at Mr. George Howard's in this village.

J. C. Taylor and wife have for a few days been visiting friends in Utica and at Clinton.

Empire Hotel was sold last Saturday to Mrs. Homer Ballard for \$1100, subject to mortgages.

We undertook that Dr. Becker is about to raise and otherwise repair his dwelling.

Miss M. Babcock, of Watertown, is visiting at Mr. George Babcock's in this village, for a few days.

Mr. Ward Allen is home spending a few days, he will return to Oswego the latter part of this week.

Vincent S. Stone left home last week, for a western trip, and is expected back this week or next.

Wesley Smith's new house on Church St., is progressing rather slowly, but will be a fine structure when finished.

Mr. H. W. Cook, who is clerking at Henderson's Dry Goods Store in Oswego, was in town last week visiting his friends.

James M. Brown's new house, on Church St., is rapidly approaching completion and presents quite a neat appearance.

The annual Sunday-School picnic, of the Presbyterian Society of this village, will be held at Mexico Point on Saturday, Sept. 2d.

One hundred and twenty-five excursion tickets to the Soldiers Reunion, at Oswego, Aug. 25th, were sold at this station.

Byron Pond has returned from a trip up the Lakes to Chicago, and a visit to Iowa among friends where he spent several weeks.

Asa Robinson, who has been at the West for about fifteen months, is visiting among his numerous friends in this place and in the town of Palermo.

Miss Hattie Baker re-opened her select school for little pupils Monday morning of this week. Miss Hattie takes good care of her little pupils.

Grace Church's Ice-Cream Party last Saturday evening was held on the lawn of L. F. Alfred. A shower interfered somewhat with the pleasures of the occasion.

Our genial and good-natured "Uncle Hi" Tillapaugh made us a pleasant call last week, and expressed himself as being highly pleased with our establishment.

Rev. J. Q. Adams, of Rochester, N. Y., recently called by the Presbyterian Society of this village, has arrived and began his Ministerial labors in that Church last Sunday.

Mr. Hoyt, of Texas, while walking on the road last Saturday suddenly dropped dead. Mr. Hoyt was in his seventy-first year. It is supposed that he died of heart disease.

The house of Mrs. C. D. Snell, which was lately tin-roofed and elevated, is undergoing a thorough overhauling and repainting, and when completed will be greatly improved in appearance.

Mr. Francis Villard, who has been quite unwell for several months, is improving in health and is enjoying life better than he has since last spring. We are pleased to see him gaining in health.

Henry M. McDonald, who a few years ago graduated from Mexico Academy and is now attending Princeton College, is spending a few days with his friends and former school mates in this village.

Mr. and Mrs. T. C. Herbert and daughter, Mrs. Dr. Taylor, and child, have been spending several weeks at Mr. Charles Webb's, in this village. They left for their home in Beverly N. J., Tuesday evening.

The weather during a portion of last week was extremely hot, the thermometer on one or two days indicating 94° in the shade. Two powerful showers, Saturday afternoon and evening, cooled the air and wet the ground thoroughly.

Farmers are now delivering potatoes at our R. R. Depot for twenty-five cents a bushel. The crop of "Early Rose" is said to be good. It thought that, with plenty of showers and a warm fall, Peachesblows will also yield a good crop.

Edith Huntington, who has been very sick with diphtheria and under the treatment of Dr. J. W. Huntington for a few days, is better and says she thinks she shall be able to attend Miss Baker's school in a few days with the other little girls and boys.

We are informed that the net proceeds for the benefit of the M. E. Sunday School of this place, realized from the excursion to the Thousand Islands last week were \$50, and that much satisfaction was expressed with the trip and the time enjoyed at the Islands.

Charles Tiffany, who had one of his legs badly broken several weeks ago by a kick from a horse, has so far recovered the use of the fractured limb as to be able to walk about without a crutch. His friends are pleased to see him out again. Dr. J. W. Huntington, of this village, attended the patient.

The Party given by the Society of Grace Church Saturday evening, the 18th inst., was held at Park Hotel, D. F. Barrett proprietor. Ice-Cream, Cake and lemonade were served in the Hotel. The premises were brilliantly illuminated, the Band played various airs and the evening was pleasantly spent.

Mr. John Premo, of this village, who met with a serious accident a few days ago at Gustin's Butter Tub and Poke Factory, died at six o'clock Monday morning last. The funeral was held at the house, at 10 A. M. Wednesday. The family in their sad bereavement have the sympathies of our citizens.

Mrs. Reuben Sherman, of this village, has been sick for about one year and is quite low, gradually failing. Paralysis has deprived her of speech, but although suffering much and nearly helpless she is still cheerful. She can converse a little by the use of a slate and pencil and is pleased to see her friends.

Henry Webb Esq., called in one day last week and subscribed for the JOURNAL. He takes five or six others, but generously helps to support both of our home papers. Mr. Webb was, for fifty years, a successful merchant and, like many other shrewd business men, fully realizes the importance of sustaining home industry.

The Soldiers Reunion of Oswego County Veterans, held at Oswego the 25th inst., was well represented by ex-soldiers, and citizens, of our town and village. It is hoped that the next Reunion will occur in this village. It is held annually and, so far, has been confined to Pulaski and Oswego leaving Mexico out in the cold.

About these days, the small boy, after hunting the house from cellar to garret for his books, gathers up the fragments of what was left of them at the end of last term, straps them, shoulders his book-holder, gives the kitten a cuff, the dog a kick, his little sister a pinch, leaves the "gates ajar," and starts for school to learn to shoot paper wads to the ceiling and peas at the girls.

A very pleasant family reunion took place in Scriba last evening, at the residence of Mr. Calvin Burt. About seventy-five of the family were present. Mr. Burt is brother-in-law (by his first wife), of Mrs. N. P. Webb, of this village. The Burts are counted among the permanent residents of Scriba. Calvin Burt's father having been one of the oldest residents of that town.

We have received from the publisher, F. W. Helmick, No. 50 West Fourth St., Cincinnati, O., a copy of the new and beautiful Motto Song and Chorus entitled, "Don't Put the Poor Workmen Down," by Robby Newcomb. Price thirty-five cents per copy. It is to be had of music dealers or by sending to the above address, where will be found all the popular and latest Sheet Music and Songs.

He was a precocious youth, of about eight years, and as he deposited an "old soldier" in the harbor side of his mouth, and began to expectorate with the air of one of mature years, a gentleman asked "why don't you quit chewing?" "Well," said the lover of tobacco, "I have often tried to quit using the weed; but the fact is I have been used to it so long that it makes me sick to change my regular habits."

Mrs. Atwood, who lately went from Stone Quarry to join her husband in Kansas, has reached her destination safely, gone to house-keeping, and writes back to her friends that she is heating her oven with Black-walnut for fire wood and baking plum pies for her desert. Such expensive fuel and choice delicacies are rare in our community. Verily every locality has its advantages and its drawbacks, and we have ours and occasionally a pull-back.

Bear shows are again in order. Three men, leading as many bears, paid our place a call on Tuesday of this week. We were highly entertained while witnessing the bears' dancing, wrestling, climbing a telegraph pole, and other athletic performances. During the sport, Mr. Aaron Dennis' horses, not liking the show very well, started and ran for home. Mr. Dennis started on a foot-race after them. We presume he caught them after they got home.

Camp Meeting at Dempster Grove opened yesterday. Quite a delegation of Methodists went from here yesterday morning, some of whom will remain throughout the entire meeting. Ample preparations have been made for the comfort and convenience of all who desire to attend the meeting, (which will continue eight days), and it is anticipated that the attendance will be large. The Oswego District Camp Meeting Association is very fortunate in having such a fine grove, and every one who has been to their Camp Meetings since they have been permanently located, is pleased with them.

It was a hot August morning. A respectable looking, well-dressed, old gentleman of about sixty-five summers, came into our office. Gracefully approaching the open window of our Sanctum, inside of which we were busy catching troublesome flies with one hand and trying to write a delectable temperance essay with the other, he modestly inquired, "do you keep any good lager or cider?" We honestly informed the inquirer, that we were sorry to say that we had neither. Then, a sadder and wiser man, he politely withdrew, leaving us to calmly reflect upon mankind's inevitable disappointment in general and the eternal fitness of things in particular.

STRUCK BY LIGHTNING.

The barn of William Conant, one mile and a half south-east of Holmesville, was destroyed by lightning last Friday. Mr. Conant's first efforts were directed to the rescue of his horse from the flames. The horse, as is quite usual in such cases, refused to be led from the burning building, and, in his frantic floundering, struck Mr. Conant on the head and knocked him down. A neighbor, discovering the fire, ran to the burning building and succeeded in rescuing both Mr. Conant and the horse. Our informant stated that at last accounts Mr. Conant had not yet recovered his consciousness, and that his injury was thought to be serious. The extent of the loss by fire was not learned, nor whether the property was insured.

THE STONE QUARRY MEETINGS.

The meetings formerly held in the Stone Quarry School house, have not been discontinued but will be held at different residences in the neighborhood. There is preaching once in two weeks at 7:30 P. M., and each alternate week prayer-meeting, at the hour above indicated. On account of the Camp Meeting at Dempster Grove, the meeting at the Quarry will be omitted next Sunday evening. On the following Sunday evening, (Sept. 9th), there will be preaching at the house of Mr. Rodman, Vaughn.

IMPORTANT TO THE TRADE.

The attention of our readers is called to the advertisement, found elsewhere in our paper, of W. F. Evans & Co., of 95 and 97 South Clark St., Chicago, Ill., manufacturers, importers and wholesale dealers in watches, jewelry, diamonds, silver-plated ware and Fancy Goods. Merchants, agents and others handling goods in their line will find it to their interest to patronize the above firm, where they will meet with honorable dealing.

A sturdy vagabond with full black beard of unusual length was recently brought before a London police magistrate who questioned him about his past life. "If one can believe all that is said to your charge," said the judge, solemnly, "your conscience must be as black as your beard." "Ah," replied the wily rogue, "if a man's conscience is to be measured by his beard, then your lordship has no conscience at all!"

DIED.

PREMO—In this village, August 27, 1877, John Premo, aged 45 years.

MEXICO MARKETS.

RETAIL PRICES OF GRAIN, FLOUR AND FEED: Flour, (retail) Spring \$7.00 Red 7.00 White 8.00 Meal, 1/2 cwt, (retail) 12 @ 10 Short, 1/2 ton, 12 @ 10 Shipplugs, 1/2 ton, 20 @ 10 Middlings, 1/2 ton, 24 @ 10 Corn, 1/2 ton, 65 Oats, 1/2 ton, 30 @ 35

PRICES PAID FOR FARM PRODUCE.

Butter, 15 @ 18 Loose Butter, 12 @ 16 Cheese, 10 Lard, 11 Eggs, 1/2 dozen, 14 Beef, 1/2 cwt, 65 @ 12 1/2 Pork, 1/2 cwt, \$4 @ 6 Mutton, 1/2 cwt, \$6 @ 9 Pork, 1/2 barrel, retail, \$15 Pork, 1/2 cwt, \$5 @ 6 Apples, (dried) 1/2 lb., 10 Ham, 1/2 lb., 11 Dressed Poultry, 1/2 lb., 8 @ 10 Potatoes, 1/2 bush, 20 @ 25 Beef Hides, 1/2 lb., 5 @ 6

WATCHES! JEWELRY!

Romaine Gold, so extensively worn in Paris, was first discovered in 1870, by the celebrated French chemist M. D. De Laigne, who manufactured it into jewelry and for five years sold it to the leading jewelers of Paris for **Solid Gold**. In 1875, when his secret became known, ten of the manufacturing jewelers established a stock company, with a capital of \$100,000 for the purpose of manufacturing **Romaine Gold Jewelry and Watches**. With this immense capital, and the aid of improved machinery they are enabled to produce all goods in every manner, have produced less than one-tenth the cost of Solid Gold, and of a quality and color which makes it impossible even for experts to detect it from the genuine.

We have secured the exclusive agency of the United States and Canada, for the sale of all goods manufactured from this metal, and introduce them in the following manner, to Agents, and to the public, at the prices given below, which we will sell at one-tenth the retail value until January 1st, 1878. Read the list.

50-Cent Lot. One Gentle Watch Chain, retail price \$1.00 One Pair Engraved Sleeve Buttons, " " One Stone-Set Scarf Pin, " " One Set (3) Spiral Shirt Studs, " " One Improved shape Collar Button, " " One heavy plain Wedding Ring, " " Total, 50 articles for 50 cents we will send above six articles postpaid.

\$1.00 Lot. One pair Sleeve Buttons, alone setting One set (3) Spiral Shirt Studs. One heavy band Engagement Ring. One set (2) Engraved Guard or Neck Chain. One Lady's Long Watch Chain, for the above One Engraved Miniature Locket, for the above One Gentle Heavy Link Watch Chain and Charm. One Lake George Diamond Stud.

\$2.00 Lot. One Ladies' Neck Chain and Charm. One Ladies' Heavy Guard Chain for Watch. One Extra fine Miniature Locket. One Cameo Seal Ring. One Gentle heavy Watch Chain with Charm. One Gentle heavy long Neck Chain. One Gentle heavy long Neck Locket for above One Pair (2) heavy Clasped Band Bracelets. One Gentle Solitaire Diamond Stud. One Gentle's Solitaire Diamond Pin. One Gentle's Solitaire Diamond Ring. One Gentle's Solitaire Diamond Earrings. One Gentle's Solitaire Diamond Brooch. One Gentle's Solitaire Diamond Pendant. One Gentle's Solitaire Diamond Chain. One Gentle's Solitaire Diamond Bracelet. One Gentle's Solitaire Diamond Ring. One Gentle's Solitaire Diamond Earrings. One Gentle's Solitaire Diamond Brooch. One Gentle's Solitaire Diamond Pendant. One Gentle's Solitaire Diamond Chain. One Gentle's Solitaire Diamond Bracelet.

\$5.00 Lot. One Ladies' Opera Chain, with Slide and Tassel (retail price \$5.00). One Gentle heavy Watch Chain, with Charm, (retail price \$5.00). One Gentle heavy long Neck Chain. One elegant Clasp Miniature Locket for above One Pair (2) heavy Clasped Band Bracelets. One Gentle Solitaire Diamond Stud. One Gentle's Solitaire Diamond Pin. One Gentle's Solitaire Diamond Ring. One Gentle's Solitaire Diamond Earrings. One Gentle's Solitaire Diamond Brooch. One Gentle's Solitaire Diamond Pendant. One Gentle's Solitaire Diamond Chain. One Gentle's Solitaire Diamond Bracelet. One Gentle's Solitaire Diamond Ring. One Gentle's Solitaire Diamond Earrings. One Gentle's Solitaire Diamond Brooch. One Gentle's Solitaire Diamond Pendant. One Gentle's Solitaire Diamond Chain. One Gentle's Solitaire Diamond Bracelet.

A SOLID ROMAINE GOLD HUNTING-CASE WATCH FREE. To any one sending us an order for the above lots by express to the amount of \$15.00, we will send FREE a Solid Romaine Gold Hunting-Case Watch, Gents' or Ladies' size, warranted to keep perfect time and look equally as well as a \$100.00 gold watch. By mail \$15.00. This is our best offer to Agents, and is worth a trial, as the watch alone will sell or trade readily for from \$20 to \$50. Gents' or Ladies' Watch alone, \$7 or \$8, with a heavy Gents' Gold Pattern Vest Chain and Charm, or Ladies' Opera Chain with slide and tassel.

REMEMBER!—This offer only holds good until Jan. 1, 1878. After that time we shall sell only to Jobbers and Wholesale dealers, and any one wishing our goods will then have to pay full retail prices.

Romaine Gold is the best, and, in fact, the only imitation of genuine gold made, being the same in weight, color and finish, and all our goods are made in the latest gold patterns. Will guarantee satisfaction in every instance, or refund money.

Send money by P. O., Money Order, or Registered Letter, AT OUR RISK. No goods sent C. O. D. unless at least \$5.00 accompanies the order. Address plainly, W. F. EVANS & CO., Sole Agts for U. S. and Canada, 95 & 97 South Clark Street, Chicago, Ill.

Correspondence.

[Although our columns are open for the publicity of the opinions of all, we do not identify ourselves with, or hold ourselves responsible for those expressed by any of our correspondents.]

A LONG LETTER FROM THE VENERABLE PROF. JOB TURNER.

INCIDENTS OF PROF. TURNER'S MISSION WORK OF ESTABLISHING NEW CHURCH MISSIONS TO DEAF-MUTES THROUGHOUT ALL THE NEW ENGLAND STATES, WITH THE APPROBATION OF AND, UNDER THE DIRECTION OF THE REV. DR. GALLAUDET.

EPISCOPAL ORPHANS' HOME NEAR CONCORD, N. H., AUG. 14TH, 1877.

(Continued.)

VL. BIDDIFORD AND SAGO, ME.

My DEAR JOURNAL.—Reaching Biddiford early in the morning of the 27th ult., I made some calls, and my deaf-mute friends told me that they would be happy to have me officiate for them on the following Sunday if I could conveniently stay over that day, to which I consented. When I left Boston, I did not intend to conduct any services on my way till I had completed my work of establishing the Church-missions in all the New England States. I had the pleasure of conducting three Divine services in Saco on Sunday, the 29th ult. On Monday, the 30th ult., the deaf-mutes of those cities and myself joined the members of the Episcopal Church, and we all ran down the Saco River and held a very pleasant picnic at Hill's Beach in full sight of the ocean, where we enjoyed ourselves in various amusements. The new church mission will be known as the Biddiford and Saco Church Mission to Deaf-mutes.

VII. PORTLAND.

On Tuesday, the 31st ult., I stopped over in this city for about two days. My old classmate and friend, Mr. Hiram P. Hunt, met me at the depot and invited me to accompany him to his house at Gray, which I should have been most happy to do, but the object of my mission would not permit me. The Episcopal Bishop of Maine and his assistant advised and directed me to establish new Church Missions at various points in Maine, which I have done. It was my pleasure to establish a new Church Mission for deaf-mutes and call it the Portland Church Mission for Deaf-mutes. I called on Miss Betsey Mitchell, a graduate of the American Asylum, in the class of '25. She gave me the names of three or four mutes; but I know there are several others.

VIII. CAMDEN, ME.

I met Mr. B. H. B. Alden in this place on the night of the 2d inst. He gave me a very warm reception, and showed me much kindness. He is a gentleman and belongs to one of the best families. Camden is truly one of the most charming places in Maine, and is much resorted to by pleasure-tourists during the summer. Mr. Alden and myself ascended the mountains about 1,500 feet high, and clambered on our knees, over rocks in some places, up the mountains. We found upon the top of the mountains plenty of sweet blue-berries, which pleased our palates very much. Mr. Alden led me through the thickest forest, about four miles, that I ever saw, with the coolness and skill of an Indian, though we lost our way two or three times. He told me that wild cats and foxes abounded in the forest, but to our regret we did not see any. What a big story I would have told you in this if we had had a regular battle with one. He was well armed, but I was not. He rode with me about two miles to see Mrs. Margaret Shepherd, a graduate of the American Asylum, formerly Miss Margaret Ingraham of Camden. She has a family of nine children, five of whom are men and four females are all married, except one, the youngest daughter, about 16 year old. She told us that she was afraid that one of her sons was lost at sea, for she had not heard a word about him for three years. She said that another of her sons had launched a ship which was built under his superintendence, and that he was about to sail to China in her with a bride. Her husband is not a deaf-mute. Now that I know there are a good number in Camden and its environs, I have determined to establish a Church Mission to be designated the Camden Church Mission for Deaf-mutes.

IX. BELFAST, ME.

On the morning of the 4th inst., Mr. Alden accompanied me from Camden to Belfast, and we met with a pleasant reception from Mr. and Mrs. Charles A. Brown. Mr. Brown is well known as having been a regular correspondent of the *Silent World*, now dead, and has sometimes contributed to the *DEAF-MUTES JOURNAL*. I am glad to say that he bears an excellent character as a gentleman, and is a good shoemaker. From what I have heard of him, I think he has a remarkably good mind and could make a noise in the deaf-mute world. He showed me some places of interest, among which was the home of Ex-Governor Crosby. He told me that he was a regular contributor to a magazine.

In the afternoon, Mr. Alden, Mrs. Brown and myself rode about ten miles to call and see Miss Emma J. Bennet at Searsmont, Me., who seemed much pleased to see us. We enjoyed a conversation with her until about sunset, which compelled us to take leave of her and return to Belfast, which city we reached at dusk. Her sister, Mrs. Leonora Steward is staying with her. She is the wife of Pembroke S. Steward of St. Albans,

who has gone to the far West to seek a fortune.

On the morning of the 8th inst., it was my privilege to conduct a service in Mr. Brown's parlor, in the presence of Mr. and Mrs. Charles A. Brown, Mr. Staples, Mr. and Mrs. Pendleton, all graduates of the American Asylum, and another in Mr. Staples in the afternoon. Mrs. Charles A. Brown was formerly Miss Anna A. Randall of New Durham, N. H. Mrs. Nathan E. Pendleton was once Miss Martha A. Stover, of Appleton, Maine. Mrs. Francis M. Staples's maiden name was Miss Prudence E. Wooster of Hamock, Maine.

With the approbation of Mr. Charles A. Brown, I established a new Church Mission for Belfast, and called it the Belfast Church Mission for Deaf-mutes. On the afternoon of the 6th inst., Mr. Alden and myself had the pleasure of taking tea with Mr. and Mrs. Staples.

X. BANGOR, ME.]

On the morning of the 7th inst., I took leave of Mr. and Mrs. Brown, after giving them many hearty thanks for entertaining me so handsomely under their own roof. I reached Bangor just before noon and put up at Globe Hotel, where I felt at home, and which I found to be a good place for travelers. The next morning, the 8th inst., I called on Mr. John Emerson's brother living in this city, and he welcomed me pleasantly and told me that he had got a letter from his brother John the night before, about me. To my great surprise and regret I found that he lived much farther from the city than I thought. He said he could not leave his farm to meet me as he could not get anybody to take his place. I could not have time to go and see him, because time pressed me.

In the afternoon, Mr. Emerson of Bangor, very kindly gave me a very charming ride about the fine city, showing me some places of fame and interest, among which was the plain-looking frame house of Ex-Vice President Hannibal Hamlin. O! that I could have had the time to go and see Mr. John Emerson, who lives thirty-two miles up the Penobscot river at Howland, Me., because I have not had the pleasure of seeing him for about twenty years. He is a good scholar and can compose poetry well. I found in the city, a deaf-mute named Augustus Haley, who gave me the names of two or three mutes whom I could not have time to visit, to my great regret. After some careful consideration, I established a mission there and called it the Bangor Church Mission for Deaf-mutes.

On the 9th at noon, we took our departure for Boston, on the sea-going steamship *Cambridge* and had a very fine run down the beautiful Penobscot River, all the afternoon, but we had a very rough time at sea on account of heavy rains with a thick fog. It was so dark that we could not see anything from our noble steamship, which ploughed her way through the angry waves. We reached Boston safely the next morning at 6:30.

On the 10th inst., at noon, I set my face towards New Hampshire, stopped over at Lowell about three hours, during which time I called to see Miss Lafferty, at Nashua about three hours, during which time I visited and took tea with Mr. and Mrs. V. B. Wright; and at Hooksett N. H., for the night at Mr. and Mrs. Thomas N. Head's residence.

XI. CONCORD, N. H.

On the morning of the 11th inst., I made my appearance in Concord, and was assigned by the Rector of St. Paul's Church a very nice home at the Episcopal Orphan Home with which I am highly delighted, on account of its beautiful situation.

On the morning of Sunday last, (Aug. 12), I had the unspeakable pleasure of conducting a service in the Senate Chamber before a larger and more intelligent deaf-mute audience than usual. A very nice appearance of the silent congregation present to me, as I was officiating. Among my audience was Prof. S. T. Walker, a teacher of the Illinois Deaf-mute Institution at Jacksonville, he is not a deaf-mute. At the close of my service he rose and spoke highly of the meeting, and my Mission-work. He is a very nice-looking young man. He and his lady are visiting their friends in Concord. I hope to meet him again at the Elmira Convention on the 29th or 30th inst. The names of my hearers were Prof. S. T. Walker, of Illinois; Thomas Brown of West Heniker; Thomas N. Head and wife, of Hooksett; Almos Smith, of New Boston; Charles A. Wilson, of Greenfield; Willie E. White, of Goffstown; Wentworth Grant, of Manchester; C. G. Hiller, of Concord; Alpheus E. Brown, of Hooksett; A. Alison, of Concord; Miss Sarah F. Smith, of New Boston; Mrs. Ellen Cox; Mrs. Amos Smith; Miss Maude Smith; and Mr. Robert B. Livingstone, all of Boston, Mass. In the afternoon, I conducted the Episcopal service in Rumford Hall before the same deaf-mute meeting, and a goodly number of hearing ladies and gentlemen, the Episcopal church being closed on account of repairs. I was glad to see at my afternoon service Mr. Nahum Sweet and his four children, who had come twenty-six miles to hear the word of God preached. To their great sorrow, they could not get to town in time to attend my morning service. I established a Church Mission in Concord and named it the Concord Church Mission for Deaf-mutes.

I leave this home for New York, tomorrow morning, so as to conduct a service in St. Ann's Church next Sunday. Truly do I feel afraid that the length of this letter will weary you.

You may rest assured that I will hereafter write shorter letters. I have been resting here ever since yesterday, and I feel so refreshed and invigorated, as to take another long tour to finish my work.

After I have officiated in New York, Boston and a few other places, I shall go to Maine again, to establish a few more Church-Missions. I have been advised and directed to Eastport and St. John's N. B. Bishop Vail of Kansas is making his vacation here. In him I have found a pleasant companion. He is a gentleman of great learning, and is President of the Episcopal College at Topeka, Kansas.

Yours Sincerely,
JOB TURNER.

WE MUST HAVE SIGNS.

EDITOR JOURNAL.—I have read the article on signs, by Prof. Newton, which was in your issue for July 25th. There were in it several assertions which were contrary to facts with which I have been familiar, so I would like to present for his benefit, and of others of like opinion, some of the fruit of my observations on the question in hand. I am unfortunate in not having the weight of a "Prof." to hang on my cognomen, and for that reason my opinion cannot expect to be as weighty as Prof. N's. Nevertheless I would fain believe that from his tone, he sincerely believes what he says, and perhaps he may be speaking the truth; if so, my experience is at his service.

Beginning with his first sentence, he says, "Signs have ruined the education of hundreds and hundreds of deaf-mutes." Here he should have said, "the abuse of Signs has &c.," for, if signs have ever ruined the education of a deaf-mute, it was, not by their proper use, but abuse.

To read Prof. Newton's statement we are to understand that in the "Western Institution" spoken of, the main part of the education of its pupils has been mere signs. If that is so we cannot but conclude that the instructors in said institution, have a very mistaken idea as to the true purpose of signs.

For signs, *for their own sake*, were never intended to form the education of the deaf and dumb, but as a medium through which written, idiomatic, language could be conveyed to them, in the same way that in angling, we use a pole, to more conveniently get at the fish.

Prof. N. admits that they are indispensable in teaching beginners but says they should be discarded, "after the pupil has acquired some knowledge of written language." And why should they be discarded? If granite is good for the foundation of a building, does it follow that in any other part it is not fit to be used? If signs should not be used in the latter stages of a deaf-mute's education, how can they be used as stepping stones? The truth is, they ought to be used from beginning to end. Why? The reason is very plain; it is because they are the natural language of the deaf and dumb; just as much so, as English is natural language to Prof. N., or any Englishman who learned to speak it from babyhood. It is natural to suppose that, any Latin or Greek word made more plain to an Englishman by explaining it in English. Just so, any word or idiom is easiest explained to a deaf-mute by signs.

Then what is the reason for these monstrousities of deaf-muteism? We have not to look far. It is because they are never made to use written language sufficiently. Signs are not to blame; it all depends on the teacher, and they would be his most valuable aid for that purpose. Usage is the sole key to the using of correct language. If a man wished to learn to write Latin, or Greek, how could he obtain his wish but by long and patient study. Writing it over and over again, it would be years before he could use it fluently. When he began he had the help of language to assist him. But when you begin to teach a deaf-mute, language, he has only a few gestures to help him. It is very plain that the best way, to teach him language is by memory. He readily comprehends signs, and as fast as he commits to memory, the signs explain the new phrases, thus following the natural method, just as little children, who hear, learn to use speech; in time the deaf-mute, if intelligent, can use language as well as his hearing brother. Again, is it any surprise that so few deaf-mutes acquire language?

They have from five to eight years generally in school they have nothing at first, but it is a truism among scholars, that it takes a life-time to learn Greek. English is much more irregular than Greek.

I am not spinning theory. I know of numerous instances, where deaf-mutes have acquired language by learning through signs. Their teachers first explained the meaning of words by signs and then had them write it out; in time, as they learned more and more, these exercises were lengthened till they became long stories. I am acquainted with a lady a teacher in one of our large institutions, (a semi-mute). She used this method. She can take up, and teach anything in this way, for example: she has the geography lesson in hand, and wants them to know about China. She describes China, its extent, inhabitants and principal features by signs. Then each pupil takes her slate and writes down what they have learned. I have seen some of those uncorrected sketches, and doubt if the like could have been better written by hearing scholars. I will add that the language of all, though on the same subject, was different. This was one of the most advanced classes. I wish I could show Prof. N. one of those slates.

One reason why signs are so much sneered at, and particularly by hearing Professors, is, that they are not understood by their enemies. It is a part of human nature, to feel, that anything you don't know is not of much use, and it takes a long while to understand signs and use them fluently. It takes only half an hour to get all there is in the manual alphabet, and not more than a couple of months to learn the new system of "visible speech" but it takes years to become fluent with signs.

No doubt the gentlemen on the other side if they do not wish to, but are obliged to learn the language, would like to sneer at the necessity, of the way. Another reason is, that "visible speech" and some other easier learned methods, are in fashion, and to escape being thought old-fashioned, one must crow and flap his wings at signs.

I cannot agree with Prof. N. that the German System is better than ours. I doubt if in the short time the average deaf-mute stays at school, (it has been shown to be five years) he could be taught to near as much advantage. When a mute is well begun with signs, his ability is the only limit to rapid learning. Does Prof. N. think there is no deaf-muteism among mutes taught in that way? Well, there is, and plenty too. If he will take the trouble to look in an Institution not a thousand miles away where this method is exclusively used he could find "a great plenty."

Some think, and not long ago many more thought, that these methods are inseparable, and always will be, as the experience of sixty years in this country unequivocally shows. It is no use to argue, that because one method with special pains on exceptionally bright pupils, succeeds; it is better than the others. It is the general average that decides the question. Besides if these other methods are better than signs, it would have been seen long ago and acted upon accordingly. If teachers of the deaf-mutes were required to understand both signs and language, and how to use both, deaf-muteism would go down to the minimum.

Aside from usefulness, the sign language is one of the largest sources of pleasure the deaf-mute has. It is, to him, very much what music is to the hearing. The language of Cicero and Demosthenes, is nothing to what this can be in capable hands; for it is of itself the solidified spirit, force, expression and grace. I have sat, before a deaf-mute orator, and had my hair raised as straight as a picket fence, and the water has flown from my eyes like an April shower. Did you ever, Prof. N.?

THAT ROMANCE.

The JOURNAL, of the 29th of March, reached me and after a careful examination of its contents, I was drawn to the last column and saw an article headed "Good Letter from a Widowed Deaf-mute Lady" and subscribed "by Susan M. Lyon." Afterwards, "nailed" a few more lines but by some mistake I mislaid my letter, thinking I had forwarded it to you and that you had "killed" it but to-day, while turning over several written "chips" I found the letter and, I now hasten to make a few alterations and send it to you for the sake of the widowed deaf-mute lady and others.

It is true, that your correspondent, "Joeko" referred to the case of Ella, carefully putting *Ellipsis* for the name because he desired to do what he could in keeping, as long as that was possible, a strict family affair from the general gaze of the deaf-mutes. We have come to the conclusion that the facts of the case have not yet appeared in the deaf-mute papers and that the case has not been lifted out of the rank of an ordinary private affair, and has not become public property and in the rightful and intelligent dismission of which every deaf-mute in this city certainly has not a direct and vital interest.

Now let us come to a plain statement of the case. Ella's father was a modest, quiet man, who lived on Avenue. His daughter Ella, although in bad circumstances, won the heart of a young man of unblemished character and high repute and both looked to the future. The father, being worn out in age, soon sickened and died, leaving Ella, the only daughter to the care of her aged mother. We however omit the mention of the young man's names because they will not serve any good purpose whatever. The marriage was to have taken place next Fall, although the betrothal, we are assured, has been a matter of some two years duration. But Ella, under the impulse that now and then leads the giddy and thoughtless astray, left her home and joined a young man and supported by an accomplice who took an unusual degree of interest in the demouement, proceeded, unknown to her mother or any other known relative, to the residence of a clergyman and they were clandestinely joined in marriage. The couple were then sent away, by those who aided in this conspiracy, on their so-called wedding tour to Jersey City, and a letter conveying to the mother the sad intelligence, written by Ella, herself, was secretly conveyed to the anticipated son-in-law, one (whom I know to be one of the gentlest and tenderest of men). The effect of such a revelation can be imagined; it certainly calls for no elaborate description. The case is being worked up in the *DEAF-MUTES JOURNAL*, in which Ella, poor thoughtless child, figures as a heroine and the man who stole her away is made to appear a self-sacrificing hero.

The thoughtless girl, who turned her quiet and pleasant home upside down and literally destroyed its peace, is thus portrayed as a poor girl because she does not inherit a dollar of her father's hard-earned savings. In the

matter of marriage, the parties to the contract are certainly to be consulted and must themselves be united. But we never knew that it was a special mark of virtue, as would seem from that article, for a couple, in their terms, or just out of them, to rush into the sacred bonds of matrimony in this hot haste, without even consulting those who naturally take in their welfare the most tender interest. For a young lass to thus "take the bit into her teeth and run her own course" may be right, but the well-balanced, the wise, those who know what paternal obligations are, and what children owe to those who gave them birth and who afford them protection and safety, will not so regard it.

If the young scoundrel is not rich, let no man shame or discredit him for that. We are sure, that the family which he has thus surreptitiously entered and robbed of its peace and comfort, would be the last to reproach him on that account. But we have no hesitancy in saying, that though otherwise as pure as an angel, in thus inveigling a young and tender-hearted girl to be wedded to him in stealth, he played, not the part of a gallant and true lover, but a most unworthy and ungentlemanly part, and the havoc he has thereby wrought, he can only now repair by making the best possible husband and the truest son-in-law out of such stuff as he finds in himself. If their betrothal was a genuine love affair; if it was honest and sincere and not inspired by mercenary motives, the young man should have taken his Ella by the hand, and said to her: "We are of age; we can do as we like; but we must not disregard your mother's feelings. Let us go to her and honestly tell her our plans, reconcile her to it if we can, and thus save the pain and poignant sting that any other course will be sure to produce."

Such a course would have made the young man worthy of the hand of Ella, and might have made him in due time a cherished son in a singularly stricken and bereaved family. This might have seemed prosaic and slow, might have involved some risk in fitting something of usefulness, but it would have been the manly course that would have given him a moral victory worth more than the inheritance of the JOURNAL and all this wealth, with even the *N. Y. Herald* young man, who has made singular engagements, broken them, involved himself in duels and who to escape the consequences of the outraged law, has taken prolonged journeys to foreign parts and whose editors, left to their own sweet will, write scandalous caricatures and perversions of domestic proprieties as has frequently been found in the *N. Y. Herald*.

We beg pardon of the distressed mother, the heart-broken wife, husband, and the now married pair, whose private affairs, not made public by us, we have thus used "to point a moral." It is a scandal of our day and generation that a paper holding the position the JOURNAL does, should have been so used, but it is our duty, and it is an outrage on the domestic peace of a model home with which we are now perfectly familiar. It is an outrage which deserves the rebuke we herewith administer. It is a rebuke in which every home in our midst ought to feel a sympathizing interest, and one, we are quite sure, which every father and mother and every rational son and daughter will regretfully yet earnestly endorse as fully deserved. In conclusion we can only express the hope, that the young man, or those who have "egged" him on to this deed of treachery, have not paid for the above information of this very way sorrowful and distressing affair.

"Joeko" was mistaken when he mentioned the father as being alive for it was the "up-stairs neighbor" who had come down to comfort Ella's mother, and as to the engagement of the other young man, "Joeko" knew not at the time he wrote, but as the facts are today plainly explained, it is hoped that all deaf-mute ladies as well as sons will obey their parents; if not, who?

PROF. S. T. GREENE AT FAIR POINT.

Let me take you with me on the 14th of August. We will leave all the hot dusty cities, the flashy watering places, and go further and further away till at last we come to a lovely little lake that lies, like a sparkling sapphire, in the sunshine among the dark green Chautauqua hills. We will turn our faces to that woody promontory on the western side, and soon are strolling about under the old forest kings enjoying the cool lake breeze. The grounds are well kept, and there are numerous little white cottages pecking out from behind trees as well as many tents, making a veritable city in the woods. It is Fair Point, the grounds of the National Sunday School Assembly which is holding its yearly meeting from the 4th to the 24th of Aug. There are a great many people moving round and in the large auditorium Dr. Joseph Cook is holding forth on "New England Skepticism" to an audience of some seven hundred people. We see by the programme that Prof. Samuel T. Greene of Belleville, Ont., (a deaf-mute) will deliver a pantomime lecture at 2 p. m. We eat dinner and stroll round looking at the lake, the Holy Land, (a plot of ground laid out like Palestine,) Jerusalem, (a miniature model of that place as it was), and sundry tubs and tanks of drinking water, labelled, "Pool of Bethesda," "Pool of Siloam" &c. till at two o'clock we go to the auditorium. There are if possible more than there were in the morning and we have some trouble to find a seat. Pretty soon Dr. Vincent introduces Mr. Hughes the friend and interpreter, who makes a few remarks and introduces Mr. Greene.

Mr. Hughes reads Mr. Greene's writ-

ten address, and the audience is initiated into some of the, till then, unknown mysteries of the sign language. Mr. Greene, you must know, is very good looking and has a very expressive face, his pantomime is very fine and the audience shakes its elephantine sides right heartily.

He tells us of how the darkey had an unlawful longing for some of his neighbors watermelons and went after some at night, and then how one of the southern Chivalry came along on horseback and was smitten in the same way, the darkey could not run and charged in to a stump, southern chivalry gets over the fence, thumps around and select a good melon, cant find his knife, thinks he sees a good stump to open it on, so makes the attempt; result; a big thump, darkey jumps a yard high and then runs like a streak of lightning, southern chivalry tumbles over fence on horse and away thinking he had seen the devil.

After some more illustrations Mr. Greene closed with the Lord's Prayer, and then the audience dispersed.

When Mr. Green was through he was saluted by a waving of some seven or eight thousand handkerchiefs. He acknowledged it with a graceful bow. A small party of deaf-mutes then gathered on the platform, and we took advantage of the occasion to go and make Mr. Greene's acquaintance. Among the deaf-mutes I saw and was introduced to was Mrs. Ida Hibbard, the young widow of the late lamented Charles V. Hibbard, so unfortunately killed a year ago, by the cars. Mrs. Emma Toles, formerly Miss Emma Gates, Mr. Clinton S. Fay, Messrs. Axel Bergquist and Philo Paddock.

NATTY BURRO.

Gowanda, N. Y.

NOTES FROM CHERRY VALLEY.

CHERRY VALLEY, N. Y., Aug. 24, 1877.

EDITOR JOURNAL.—In Grace Church, Cherry Valley, N. Y., last Sunday afternoon a sermon was preached to Deaf-mutes by Rev. Mr. Hobbie, and interpreted very clearly by Prof. Edward P. Hart, of Rochester, N. Y. The sum of ten dollars was collected for the benefit of the mission of St. Ann's Church for Deaf-mutes.

The deaf-mutes of Sprout Brook and Fort Plain, N. Y., are talking concerning a Bible Class, to be held once in two weeks if the weather permits. It is my opinion, that the Bible class is useful, for the improvement of the mind, and to those who wish to be Christians.

Miss Carrie Bamberger, of Jersey City, a charming deaf-mute lady, has spent more than a month in visiting her friends at Fort Plain. She passed much of the time in attending parties, driving a fast team through the picturesque valley of the Mohawk and on the streets, and in rowing on the river which was very pleasant. She has lately returned home under the escort of Mr. John Dunlap, of New York. It is my anticipation that Carrie's Mohawk river and John's Hudson will join in a wedding lock before long.

Mrs. Sabrina T. Garlock, and your correspondent, in company with her friends had a long drive around Otsego Lake last week. A shower approached us rapidly; we hurried as fast as we could to find some shelter and, having found a hop house, entered it in safety. About a minute afterwards it rained hard. Then we ate a delicious lunch in the carriages. On arriving at Cooperstown, we visited that magnificent village and called upon Miss I. Short. In the moonlight, we returned home. Our drive and calls were enjoyed very much.

J. E. S.

WALKING ON A RAILROAD TRACK.

There seems to be a strange fascination about a railroad track, that lures a deaf-mute to his destruction, in spite of his better judgment, which warns him to avoid it, as he would a lion's den. It should be supposed that on account of his loss of hearing which puts his very life in danger, he would shun the iron track as a pathway to the grave, but, no, he walks confidently along, foolishly believing that he would save himself from any serious accident as long as he takes the precaution to look behind him every few minutes. I know a great many deaf-mutes, who are in the habit of walking on the railroad track, to cast a glance over their shoulders every three or five minutes, with the fond belief that they could get out of the way of a train before it came up to them, but allow me by the aid of a few simple facts to undeceive these deluded people and show that notwithstanding their precaution, they are in as great a danger as ever. The law allows a train of cars to go at the rate of thirty miles an hour, and at this rate, it runs a mile in two minutes, but it is well known that either from a cool disregard for the law, or to make up for lost time, an engineer would run his train at the rate of forty miles an hour, or a mile in one minute and twenty seconds. Now before they could turn round to see if an engine is approaching, they would be hurled into eternity in an instant. I once knew an aged and respected deaf-mute, who made it a rule always to look behind him every three minutes when walking on the railroad, but at a fatal moment, he was overtaken by a train, that was running faster than usual. The unfortunate man turned his head backward, at once perceived his danger and essayed to save himself by leaping to the other track, but he was a second too late. The huge iron monster seized him, as it were in its jaws and, when finally stopped, delivered him up to us a mangled corpse. The railroad track is very often used as a short cut to save the trouble and fatigue of a longer distance, but what is a matter of two

or three mile's travel with all its discomforts, to that priceless boon from our Creator—a life? Take warning from the melancholy fate of McGin and Hibbard. The fate of the former is too well known in New England to need mention here, and that of the former, happening, as it did, very recently is still remembered in the west. For a deaf and dumb person, to venture upon the railroad track when not impelled by necessity is the height of folly; it is another form of suicide. There are placards hung up in many places on the line of the track, warning all persons not to walk upon the railroad track. Deaf-mutes, be wise in time and obey their warning. A word to the wise is sufficient.—STUDENT.

THE TIME TO EAT FRUIT.

The earlier in the day fruits are eaten the better. They should be ripe, fresh and perfect; if eaten in their natural state, it is almost impossible to eat too much. Their healthful qualities depend on their ripe acidity, but if sweetened with sugar their acidity is not only neutralized, but the stomach is tempted to receive more than it can digest, and if cream is taken with them, the labor of digestion is increased. No liquid of any description should be drunk within an hour after eating fruits nor should anything else be eaten within two or three hours—thus time being allowed for them to pass out of the stomach, and the system derive from them all the enlivening, cooling and aperient influences. The great rule is, eat fruits and berries while fresh, ripe and perfect, in their natural state, without eating or drinking anything for at least two hours afterward. With these restrictions, fruits may be eaten in moderation during the day and without getting tired of them, ceasing to be benefited by them during the whole season.

BOTTOM FIGURES.

A wood teamster yesterday had some business to transact with the occupant of a room in the top story of a block on Griswold street, and as he reached the landing of the last flight of stairs his heel caught and down he rolled, bumping from stair to stair and unable to catch hold of anything. A lawyer leaned over the stairs as he heard the noise, and shouted:—

"You'll strike bottom pretty quick—don't get discouraged!"

"Oh I know just where I am, I counted the stairs when I went up," replied the teamster. As he landed he rubbed his bruised back, and looking up the stairs he mused:—

"I counted fourteen steps going up and fifteen bumps coming down. Something wrong with the architecture of this building!"—*Maine Paper.*

THAT BARREL OF SALT.

One of the firm who runs a commission house on Woodbridge street is a man of misceles. He can lift a barrel of flour as easily as a common man lifts a bag of oats, and it scarcely makes his ears grow red as he heaves a barrel of salt into a farmer's wagon. For weeks past he has been boasting of his strength of muscle, and wanting to see something he couldn't lift, and the boys around the store got their heads together the other day. They took a salt barrel and filled it with broken pig iron, old weights and other things, put two inches of salt at either end, and rolled it to the curbstone; and at a favorable hour a dray backed up in the most innocent manner and an order from a grocer for a barrel of salt was handed out. The drayman and two of the boys fooled around the barrel so long that the strong man got out of his chair in disgust, threw off his coat and said:—

"You fellows had better get porous plasters for your backs. Get out of the way and give me a chance!"

He seized the barrel by the chimes and lifted away. It didn't move. He gritted his teeth, and laid out to pull the hoops right off. The hoops stayed right there. So did the barrel.

"It takes four good men to lift one of them barrels," said the drayman. "Nonsense! I've lifted a score of them, and I'll pick this up or break my back. I guess the salt must be wet."

He got in position, drew a long breath, and then lifted till his eyes looked like two towels left out on the clothes line in a dark night. The barrel didn't lift. Pig iron was too much for muscle, and the lifter sat down on the walk. His eyes are getting back to their original positions, and the red is leaving the back of his neck, and he sees two men handle a bag of dried apples or a bushel of beans without a word of comment.—*Detroit Free Press.*

HIGHLY FLATTERING.

The Ohio Republicans will choose a deaf and dumb candidate for governor next time. There is no safety in mere blindness.

The above information taken from the *Evening Republic*, is highly flattering to the deaf-mute citizens of Ohio. We congratulate them, on account of the marked and unusual distinction paid to their eternal fitness for the highest position in the gift of the electors of that State, and presume there will be much button-holing for votes and a desperate scrambling for the occupation of the gubernatorial Chair, by the adult deaf and dumb of Ohio.

The only true source of politeness is consideration—that vigilant moral sense which never loses sight of the rights, the claims, and the sensibilities of others. This is the one quality over all others, necessary to make a gentleman.

(Continued from first page.)

have told knows her, and told her, and she is really in love with me.

These and other thoughts ran rapidly through my mind. She seemed to wait my decision. Suddenly I clasped her hand and said, earnestly.

"Will you marry me?"

"Yes."

"But you don't know me!"

"Well enough to know you would make me happy."

"The very words of Mrs. Bracegirdle," I said to myself. "Now, if I commit myself, she proves as ugly as sin. But that is impossible! She must be beautiful! I have full faith in her pretty feet. What I have said since she has come to me on faith of it, I will abide by. I shall be sure to have a beautiful wife. But—"

"Am I to hope that you will redeem your promise, sir?" said the sweet voice, the tones of which thrilled through and through my heart. I was captivated by the voice and feet, too.

"Yes," I said, boldly, "on one condition."

"Name it, sir," she said, quietly.

"That you unveil."

"No. I mean you shall take me on your own theory of beauty. If you will run the risk, there is my hand!"

And she extended the bewitching little hand, which I had held in my palm like a palpitating and fluttering bird. I grasped it, pressed it, pressed it to my lips, and moved by a sort of fascination, I answered:

"I will marry you, that is—if you can show me evidence of your respectability—of your position! Pardon me, but you know that!"

"I perfectly comprehend you. Expecting this demand, I am prepared to meet it," and opening her reticule she handed me a note. It was from my uncle the M. D. There was no mistaking nor forging his oddly shaped handwriting. I read as follows:

"Dear Jack: The bearer is in every way your equal. If you marry her you will not compromise yourself."

"So, then, my uncle is in this affair," I said laughingly. "My friends mean I shall put my theories into practice. I will marry you!" I said desperately, and almost fearing she would change her mind.

"Let us exchange rings in mutual pledge," she said, behind the horrid veil.

The exchange was made, and then I said,

"Will you now let me seal my promise on your fair lips?"

"Yes," and she removed slowly her veil and I started back with horror. Never before had man beheld so ugly a face! I felt as if I should fall through the floor. I fairly staggered with the shock not only to my nerves but to my theory. "Who in heaven's name are you?" A loud and mirthful and triumphant laugh from behind caused me to turn round and in the wide, open folding-doors I beheld my uncle, my fond Harry Hamilton, and my Puritan aunt, and half-a-dozen friends and relatives, who seemed beside themselves with joy.

I stood amazed. I saw I had been victimized! I regarded the stranger before me with anger as the chief party to a conspiracy against me, when suddenly I saw the ugly visage, which was an admirably fitting mask, fall to the ground, revealing the lovely, beautiful, laughing, charming mischievous face of my fair cousin!

When the uproarious excitement had a little subsided and everybody had laughed at me as much as they could, I clasped the bewitching Fanny, my cousin (her name was Frances Annie), in my arms and cried:

"Let him laugh, my friends, who wins! But," I added, with a look of doubt, "what about the Bible and your mother, cousin?"

"Here is mother; let her speak for herself," said Fanny, smiling and looking more beautiful (the pretty-footed witch!) than I ever saw her in my life. Confound that clever mask! how thoroughly it deceived me!

"Why, I have found that it is not in the Bible, only in the last part, put in by nobody knows who, that cousins shall not marry," said her mother; "and only in the old English Bibles; so when I saw how it was and that Fanny loved you and you would have married her if you dared, I gave my consent, and to please your uncle and some others we got up this little deception, and Mrs. Bracegirdle, being let into the secret three days ago, let us in by the side door into the parlor."

"Yes, doctor, I couldn't refuse 'em, so I unlocked the folding-doors and slipped out the keys. You know I asked you this morning if you hadn't better take a wife!"

The result of this innocent conspiracy of my relatives, heartily seconded by Fanny, who knew I had loved her from boyhood, was that I got the best and most beautiful wife in the world, choosing her, after all, by her pretty feet, and so establishing my favorite theory that (confound that ugly-visaged mask, it well-nigh killed me on the spot!) a pair of pretty feet can belong only to a lovely face and person, on the principle that "All's well that ends well."

THE HIDDEN HAND, OR QUIET DOING.

BY MRS. E. M. GRAY, M. D.

DEAR READERS:—As there has been some hindrance in our articles, on account of delays caused by railroad strikes, and our own professional duties calling us away from our post, we hardly know just where to commence our next chapter. We hope not to chronicle the like again, so if we do not pick up the thread of our narrative just as we should, will our faithful readers pardon us, accepting our promise that we will try to do better in the future? Feeling that they will we proceed.

Different characters need different occupations, pleasures and pursuits. In our family picture, there are different dispositions; Miss Emma fully realized this, as she adjusted many things for the little ones at the mission.

One marked child came to her school in advance of her age. Words like these, she uttered one day, in the presence of Miss Emma, and as her ears caught the words, she inwardly said "that child's spirit shall not be crushed or her plans thwarted. There is a mind there that will not be conquered by adverse things." "Teacher, you say I am discontented, proud and ambitious; that is true, and I am glad of it. I am discontented, because I can't help feeling that there is a better sort of life, than the dull one I have these two years, made up of everlasting work, with no object but a little money. I can't starve my soul for the sake of my body, and mean to get out of the treadmill if I can. I'm proud, as you call it, because I hate dependence, where there isn't any love to make it bearable. This is why I came here to see if any one would lead me to a higher life—more noble work. I am willing to work, but I want work that I can put my heart into, and feel that it does me good, no matter how hard it is. I only ask for a chance to be a useful, happy woman, and I don't think that is a bad ambition. Even if I only do what my dear mother did, earn my living honestly and happily, and leave a beautiful example behind me, to help one other woman as hers helps me, I shall be satisfied."

At this crisis Miss Emma stepped forward, grasping the hand of the new comer, she said, "I'm with you in all good endeavors, stay with us till we see what can be done for you, and remember we are mutual friends, so feel at home with us. We are glad to have you assist us in the care of our little ones. Will you?" Those words found an echo in that yearning heart, already prepared for her mission of giving and receiving. Now she felt that she had something to accomplish, work to do that would pay. So she was at once inducted into office, and made to feel she was of some account among her fellows.

The power of adaptation which Miss Emma had, was truly wonderful in one so young. Her superior judgment was not to be measured by the length of years. No one better qualified to preside over the young than she could be found. This new comer had, for her inheritance, a head, a heart, a pair of hands, also the dower of most New England girls, intelligence, courage and common sense; practical gifts and hidden under the reserve that soon melts in a general atmosphere, much romance and enthusiasm, and the spirit that can rise to heroism when the great moment comes. She was one of that large class of females driven by necessity out into the world, to find support, happiness and homes for themselves.

Many there are who turn back discouraged; more accept shadow for substance, and discover their mistake too late; the weakest lose their purpose and themselves; but the strongest struggle on, and after danger and defeat, earn at last the best success this world can give us, the possession of a brave and cheerful spirit, rich in self-knowledge, self-control and self-help.

Lilla was often a visitor at the mission with Miss Emma. She greatly enjoyed listening to the singing of the children. Rev. Mr. Jerome had a cultivated voice, and took especial pains in teaching music to the inmates of the mission. Lilla had a sweet voice. Sometimes she would sing by request, one of her pieces learned at home. Miss Emma did not send her to school but instructed her at home. Tasks are over, but Lilla did not think them tasks. The shout arises "Grandpa is coming!" and bright eyes sparkle with joy, and tiny feet dance with glee and an eager face presses against the window pane, and rosy lips claim kisses at the door, and picture books lie unrebuked on the table and little Lilla lays her soft cheeks against Grandpa's

and Charley gets a love pat for his "medal" and Grand-ma's face grows radiant and the evening paper is read, not silently, but aloud, and tea, and toast and time vanish with equal celerity, for jubilee has arrived, and Grandpa has come.

Happy home, happy family! No one was under restraint in the Judge's family. Their conversation was cheerful, and conversation should be cheerful. What contributes most to the happiness of home, is the cheerfulness which fills the little offices of kindness that belong to it. Pretentiousness and ill-humor are always destructive to that calmness of enjoyment, which makes the home the best place in the world. What gives zest and relish to our social enjoyments is the cheerful spirit which fills the observance of little things, that constitutes the charm of social life. How are we imperceptibly drawn to the one whose words are full of cheerfulness. Their conversation may not be as instructive as some others, they may say only the most commonplace things, they may not be witty, or brilliant, but every word may be thoroughly brightened by the cheerful spirit, that shines through it. It is not so much what they say as the manner in which they say it, and we bask in the kindly smile, and in genial sunshiny companionship. Conversation should be religious. By this we do not mean that unmeaning and insincere cant, which sometimes passes for religious conversation, and which is as husks to the hungry soul. It is not necessary to say specifically religious words, or frame our sentences into religious forms, but there may be a religious spirit of charity and love—love for God, man and everything just and true, which shall breathe through every word, and be the sort of every sentence. When one goes into the woods, the sweetest fragrance comes from the delicate and invisible flowers that hide among the underbrush or beneath the leaves, and in social intercourse there may be a spirit, unseen and hiding itself away, and yet be the quickening and animating beauty to every look and all the speech.

Religious speech is not always solemn and serious, but it may be full of all cheerfulness and gentle ways, and devotion itself may take upon it such a character and aspect of good.

The writer regrets to state that they read too little, and do not keep themselves as well posted as they should with the current literature of the day, the age in which they live; reading would greatly help them to bear their affliction, as they would have food, through this medium, for thought and when they meet each other, instead of talking of people, they could talk of things. It has been said that "a man is known by the company he keeps." We think he may be better known by the books he reads. He may sometimes be thrown into company which he does not select for himself, but his books are a matter of choice.

No wonder, that at the Judge's home culture was the order of the day and that our little Lilla was growing in stature intellectually and beautifully. Such soil would develop this precious bud into a charming womanhood as it had Miss Emma. It is home culture we must have; without it the plants that are seated around the home table will grow up ungraceful, unloved. Home gardens and home missions are often neglected, while the spirit is rife that "distance lends enchantment to the view."

Too much thought is given to our neighbors far off, too little to our neighbors right at our doors. The heathen in China enlist our sympathies while to the perishing ones at home, starving for the lack of knowledge, we hardly give a passing thought, we become familiar with their sufferings. Let us come to the actual things of life, as they pass in panoramic review in our every day life, then will our desolate earth, be decked with beautiful herbage, such as will make it the garden of our Lord.

CARPENTER'S PICTURE.

New York, August 22.—Frank B. Carpenter has sold his picture representing the signing of the proclamation of emancipation to the admirers of Lincoln for \$25,000. It will be presented to the government to adorn the national capital.

JUDGE GROVER'S SHABBY APPEARANCE.

AND HOW HE WAS LED TO IMPROVE IT—A STRANGE SCENE IN COURT.

[L. B. Proctor, in Rochester Union.]

This singular incident occurred at a term of the Allegheny Circuit, where that admirable Judge and accomplished gentleman, Robert Monell, presided. During the term a case of great public interest was brought to trial. Judge Grover, if possible more shabbily dressed than usual, conducted the case with consummate ability for the plaintiff, concluding the trial in an argument of unusual power and effect. Judge Monell then delivered his charge to the jurors. After they had retired he said:

"Mr. Grover, before taking up another cause I desire to say a few words to you."

"To me, Your Honor?" said Grover with some surprise.

"Yes, to you. I take this occasion to request you, in all kindness, hereafter to treat this Court, your fellow-members of the bar, and yourself with that respect that is due them as well as to yourself—in a word, in a manner more becoming the distinguished position you occupy as a lawyer," said the Judge.

"I am at a loss to understand your Honor. I am not conscious of having by word or deed, treated your Honor with disrespect; the very thoughts of such a thing would be painful to me," said Grover. "I do, however, remember," he continued, after a moment's reflection, "I do remember that when my distinguished opponent said, perhaps with some truth, though it was none of his business, that I was a walking rag-bag and a legal scarecrow; a disgrace to the profession, that I mildly but truthfully remarked, that all this was the height of respectability compared with the exhibitions he has made himself, not only professionally but privately—that legally he is a rag-picker, a gatherer of putridity, with which he gluts a fulsome market; that in the end he makes rag-amulins of his clients. I did further say, soothingly, that I had seen a picture of one of his clients on a tavern sign, on one side of which the poor fellow was represented as going to law—fat, sleek, well dressed and riding a fine horse, and his pockets full of money. On the other side he is represented as having been to law—that is, having passed through the benevolent hands of my opponent, but, oh! what a change. He was skinned like an eel—his clothes, if possible, more ragged than mine—his horse on the point of starvation—his money gone—that is, transferred to the capacious pockets of my friend—he was lean, lout and distressed; looking for all the world like the fellow in the Scriptures who had fallen among thieves and lawyers—I beg pardon, robbers—I did pleasantly, in great kindness, remark."

"You need not pursue that subject any further, Mr. Grover," said the Judge, interrupting him. "I do not," he continued, "allude to any personal altercation which you have had with any member of this bar, or to any of offensive words which you have addressed to the Court, for in that respect you have been uniformly courteous and respectful. I allude to the unbecoming carelessness of your personal appearance in the matter of dress."

"Is there any rule of court—any principle of statute or common law, your Honor, that directs how a lawyer should dress at this or any other bar?"

"There is a code, sir, which all men, whatever rank or profession they may occupy, are bound to obey—a code which, I regret to say, you are in the constant habit of disobeying. It is that code which requires a decent respect for the conventional rules of society—exhibited as much, nay more, in a due regard for propriety in dress as in anything else; for as the great poet of human nature has said, 'the apparel oft proclaims the man.'"

"Does your Honor?"

"We cannot permit any further interruption," continued the Judge, with unsurpassed dignity. "As I was about to say, were we conscious that you are driven by poverty to dress as you do we should certainly be careful of your feelings and not allude to it. But we know that you are not only in easy but in affluent circumstances. We can, therefore, hardly assign a reason for this gross neglect of your personal appearance. There certainly exists no good reason; there is no apology or excuse for it. We trust that it may arise from a thoughtlessness which you will overcome; that you will hereafter appear at the bar and elsewhere in a garb more suitable

to your exalted position as a lawyer, and more expressive of your respect for the profession, which you would otherwise brilliantly adorn."

During the delivery of this admirable address Grover sat in the bar, his arms folded across his breast, calm, imperturbable, dignified, his eyes riveted upon the Judge, his whole appearance that of a man sustained by a conscious superiority, under circumstances that would have overwhelmed almost any other man.

If his features expressed anything it was humor. Not a shade of mortification, wounded pride or dissatisfaction passed over them. When Judge Monell concluded his remarks Grover rose from his seat and in a composed, pleasant manner said:

"This is the first time in my limited experience that I have ever known a court of justice to interfere with that which a man is clothed withal. But if there is no precedent for it, probably one has been established here today, and I cheerfully subscribe to it and shall obey it, as I do all legal precedent. Will my simple promise in open court be sufficient, or will your Honor order the Clerk to enter a rule nisi directing me, within a certain number of days, to appear here in a suit of new clothes, in default of which I shall be liable to punishment for contempt of court?" said Grover, an ironical smile playing over his face, in keeping with the deep irony of his language.

"We shall excuse your very pointed sarcasm now, Mr. Grover," said the Judge; "we shall also omit the entry of any rule nisi in the case, considering you amenable to no other rule or rules than the standing rules of propriety, which, as we have before said, all men are bound to obey."

In due time Judge Grover appeared in a new, well-fitting and respectable suit of clothes; and afterward, whether at the bar, in congress, or on the bench, few men dressed more respectably than he did.

ENGAGED BY TELEGRAPH.

The *St. John News* contains the following romantic story: Miss Maria Roop, author of a series of pleasing New York letters that appeared in the *News* some months ago under the title of "Glimpses of Gotham," was married in Boston on Saturday last. The circumstances are such, stuff as romances are made of. Captain Roop, a distant relative who sails in an English ship, visited Mr. John Roop's a few weeks ago on his way to Parrsboro, N. S., and met his fate in the person of the young lady who is now his wife. He came, saw and was conquered. He returned to New York and began to load for Java, but sang "Her sweet smile haunts me still," and whistled "The girl I left behind me." Would she marry him and go on that long and lonely voyage to the East? Perhaps.

"Pygmalion loved, and who so loves Believes the impossible."

He wrote to her, and proposed that she should meet him in Boston the next week, marry him and sail for Java. His boat was on the shore and his bark was on the sea, or loading at the wharf, and she must decide at once. The letter was received in the morning, and had not been read more than a half dozen times (such letters require a great deal of reading, it seems) when a dispatch arrived to the following effect: "Please answer my letter by telegraph—yes or no. Any girl can promptly say yes or no to the offer of a hand and heart, but when such an offer is coupled with a three days' notice of marriage and a sea voyage to the East Indies the case requires a little more consideration. So she took time to consider, and added strength to the saying that a woman who considers, is lost, for, when the afternoon of the same day brought her another dispatch, which was simply "Yes or no?" she went to the telegraph office and wrote "Yes" on a blank. The operator, knowing nothing of the vast importance of that monosyllable message, placed it on file for transmission, and the most anxious man in New York was soon made happy by its reception. The lady left here on Friday morning last and met and married the captain at the residence of a relative in Boston. Their wedding tour will be a long one—round the world, but not in 80 days.

A DRUMMER BOY'S MONUMENT.

A monument is soon to be erected over the body of Charley McKenzie, the little drummer boy of the Thirtieth (Brooklyn) Regiment, who, it will be remembered, accidentally shot himself while at Annapolis with the regiment in 1861. A design of the monument is now on exhibition at the Thirtieth Regiment armory, and is to cost \$1,500. It is to be twelve feet high, and is to be surmounted with a drum.

TALK ABOUT FOLKS.

Lord Houghton has an autograph of Shakespeare.

Brigham Young has sixty-eight children living.

Twelve women are postmistresses in Schuylkill county, Penn.

Jay Gould, like Jim Fisk, was once a successful pedlar on the road.

An Indianapolis special says Senator Morton has arrived home. His left arm is paralyzed.

An exchange says "the prettiest thing at Long Branch is a blue-flannel girl with golden hair."

Toombs of Georgia says that the capitalist who does not respect labor is a fraud, and the laborer who does not respect capital is a fool.

The parsimony of Queen Victoria is being much commented upon. Poor thing she only has an income of a trifle over \$5,000,000 per annum.

Ex-Minister Schenk has purchased one of the largest and best cultivated farms in Iowa, and will engage in stock raising.

A Mississippi Granger is opposed to railroads. He says that when he goes to town they "bring him home so quick he hasn't time to get sober before he arrives."

The King of Holland used to whip his wife, and the wicked newspapers say he had some excuse for it, because she was such an "exceptionally able linguist."

The Philadelphia Ledger could not find a single American among the rioters and the Bishop of Pittsburgh could not find any Catholics. Were there any rioters, after all?

Mr. A. H. Stephens is at Cutoosa Springs, Ga., and in good health. He will make the journey to Washington presently, by easy stages, visiting friends on the way.

Wilson, the compiler of school readers, received a hundred thousand dollars more from the Harpers for copyright for his books, than did Motley for all his histories.

This is the way P. T. Barnum puts it: "I hadn't the remotest idea of lecturing when I came to England, but I have a wife who can spend a hundred pounds as fast as I can make it, so I thought I might as well."

The City Attorney of Chicago decides that as there is no common law liability and as none is provided for by the statutes of Illinois, the city cannot be mulcted for any damage done to property arising from the recent riot.

M. Gustave Dore, who recently returned from London to Paris, is working on a colossal vase, ornamented with one hundred and fifty figures, and intended for the great Exhibition of next year.

Dr. W. P. Meleher of Camden, N. J., a well known Portland boy, volunteered during the late riots and was appointed acting surgeon of the 6th New Jersey regiment. He was on duty during the entire stay of the regiment at Pittsburgh.

Miss Fanny Davenport, the actress, passed her summer vacation in London, and from her lodgings looked across the streets into the windows of the room where her parents carried on their courtship.

James H. Lee, one of the seamen on board the Kearsarge when the rebel steamer Alabama was captured, and one of the three sailors thanked by the Navy Department for conspicuous coolness and bravery during the contest, died in New York, Saturday, of brain fever.

The Rev. Joseph Cook says "The outcome of these strikes, and the inquiry set on foot regarding the railroads, will simply be that illegitimate railroading will be turned inside out and exposed to public gaze. No railroad will ever prosper long that cannot bear to have its ledgers read by the whole American people." That must be the reason that so many roads are bankrupt.

Mr. Jefferson Davis is seriously embarrassed in the prosecution of his work, the history of the confederacy, by the loss and destruction of valuable and documentary evidence at the downfall of the confederacy and subsequently. If he had access to the records, which are in the hands of the Federal Government, his labors would be greatly facilitated.

A curious and remarkable experiment has been tried in India. Mr. Adams of Bombay, has invented a solar battery consisting of two hundred small mirrors so arranged that they focused the sun's rays upon a small copper boiler, and generated steam in it in twenty minutes. Mr. Adams contends that he could by the same means generate steam enough to drive the largest spinning mill in Bombay.

John F. Dailey of St. Louis describes a visit to the White House when Jackson was President. He found "Old Hickory" with spectacles lifted on the massive forehead and smoking killick innick out of a long-stemmed pipe. It has been said with truth by visitors, foreign notabilities, and many others, that Jackson had the most elegant manners of any of the Presidents. Washington was dignified and austere, but Jackson was affable and easy with all.

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